

"And they cried, The Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." Judges 7:20

The SWORD of the LORD

Edited by JOHN R. RICE.

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"IF WE NEGLECT"

By the late James H. McConkey

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"
—Heb. 2:3.

One winter day a carcass was floating down the Niagara River upon a cake of ice. An eagle soaring above the river spied it and dropped down upon it. He sat there leisurely devouring his easy prey. The swift current began bearing him rapidly downward to the fall. But was he not safe? Could he not leap in a moment into mid-air from his dangerous post? Could he not stretch his great pinions and float off into safety at the very brink of the awful cataract? Had he not done that a thousand times before in his bird experience? So he floated on. But by and by came the thundering roar of the great cataract. The cloud of white mist that marked the fatal brink of the fall was towering almost above him. It was time to leave. So he stretched out his great wings for flight. But he could not rise. Unnoted by him his talons, sunken in the ice, and the flesh of his prey, had frozen hard and fast

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in the bitter winter day, and his fate was sealed. He flapped his great wings. He struggled with all the power of muscle and sinew. But all in vain. In a few moments he was swept over into the abyss to his death. He had delayed too long.

Suppose you are on top of a burning building. The flames have cut off every avenue of descent. A ladder is hastily run up by the firemen. It is your last and only hope of rescue from an awful death. How will you escape—if you neglect it? Suppose you have fallen overboard from a ship in a raging tempest. A rope is snatched and quickly thrown by a near-by friend. It falls within easy reach of your despairing clutch. It is your only hope of salvation. How will you escape—if you neglect? Suppose you rise at midnight sore athirst. You seize a near-by goblet and drink

A New Printer

With this issue of the *Sword of the Lord* it is printed on the press of the Herald Publishing Co. at Newton, Kansas. The new printers are Christian people, and we confidently look forward to the most pleasant fellowship with them as we labor together to get out the gospel.

Yet is with deep regret that we see Mr. W. H. McNitzky, of Denton, Texas, give up the printing job. He has printed the *Sword Of The Lord* for nine years, has labored hard, has done conscientious work for the Lord, and has been a greatly loved and valued partner in the work. But the paper has grown so large in circulation and in size, with the eight pages beginning next week, that Mr. McNitzky did not have the equipment to do the work economically, he says, and could not get the skilled help, that is absolutely essential, because of the wartime manpower shortage. So with great regret we allow him to relinquish the job of printing and mailing the paper. God bless you, dear Christian brother, for your noble, unselfish work on the *Sword Of The Lord!*

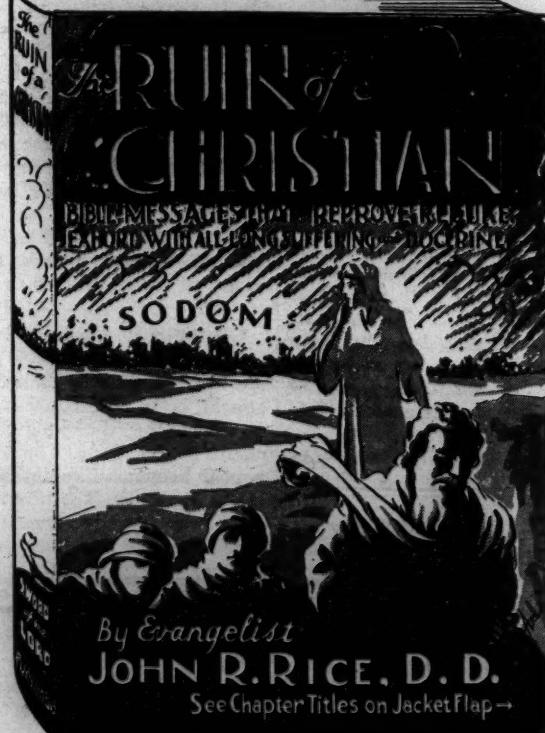
THE EDITORIAL OFFICES REMAIN AT WHEATON, ILLINOIS. Remember that all mail is to be sent to 145 N. Hale St., Wheaton, Ill. We keep all the subscription lists, handle all copy, receive all ads, attend to all the business of the paper at Wheaton. We hire the printing and mailing done by contract, but all mail must come to the home office. Do not send our mail anywhere except to Wheaton, please.

With eight pages we will have room for some advertising, and with double the size and the same subscription price we must depend on advertising to pay part of printing and other costs. Those interested may write us for advertising rates. We will not accept ads that we believe are not honoring to Christ.

it first as a book of 156 pages, then decided to add the popular message, rewritten on, "Be Ye Not Unequally Yoked Together With Unbelievers," making 178 pages. So now this book, which is worth at least \$1.50 (though the price is not that) is given free as a premium with two yearly subscriptions, at \$1.00 each.

But best of all is the third nice feature of this book, its contents. Here are chapters that will really set many a backslidden Christian right, will warm the lukewarm, will convict sinning church members, will set people to living a separate life and to winning souls, we verily believe. These chapters were all printed in *The Sword Of The Lord*, we had a chance to see what the reaction of readers was. Some of these messages have been preached in many a revival campaign all over America, and have been greatly used to the blessing of Christian people, as thousands have said.

The Twelve Great Chapters
See what the chapters are about
(Continued on Page Three)



The new book by the Editor, Evangelist John R. Rice, called THE RUIN OF A CHRISTIAN is a lovely gift which we are proud to send absolutely free with each two subscriptions to the Sword Of The Lord. First, it is beautifully bound in real "Grade A cloth," of orange color, with picture printed cover, then wrapped in a jacket printed in purple, picturing Lot and his two daughters fleeing from burning Sodom, with Lot's wife behind them turned to a pillar of salt. Second, it is a large book and an unusual value in wartime. It has over twice as much copy as the usual book priced at \$1.00. There are 178 extra large pages. We planned

Walking On Water

By Evangelist John Linton
336 West Prairie Street
Wheaton, Illinois



OUR LOVELY GIFT TO YOU

What Is In "The Ruin Of A Christian"
Free Book Given With Two Yearly
Subscriptions At \$1.00 Each.

"And Peter answered Him and said, Lord if it be Thou, bid me come unto thee on the water. And He said, Come. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus." (Matthew 14:28-29).

What a wonderful experience for Simon Peter to find himself walking on water. Here was something clearly supernatural. Here was the law of gravitation temporarily suspended. Every step was a miracle. Here was a man by the power of God walking on the waves.

The disciples, you remember, had spent the night in their boat out on the lake. With early dawn they saw a form coming toward them. Some of them thought they saw a ghost, but Jesus cried "It is I." As soon as Peter knew it was the Lord he cried, "Lord if it be thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water." and Jesus called to Peter, "Come." Then quick as a flash Peter was over the side of that boat, and for a few wonderful moments knew what it was to be walking on water.

What a thrill! What a miracle! "Jesus said Come. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water."

This is what every person does who prays the prayer of faith. He steps out upon God's promise: he ventures his all upon God's faithfulness: he demonstrates the su-

pernatural: he makes impossibilities to happen: he walks on water.

I am going to tell you in a very personal way about some people who have had this joyful, thrilling experience. They have heard the whisper of the Holy Spirit in their heart, saying, "Believe God for this need of yours, this heart's desire, this loved one's salvation. Don't just ask Him to do it: call to Him and believe He will do it. Then because you believe He

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TENTH ANNIVERSARY NEXT WEEK!

'Sword Of The Lord' 10 Years Old; Celebrates By Big Expansion Program; Double Size Hereafter;
10,000 New Subscribers Sought;
1,000 Partners Needed.

"Sword Of The Lord" 10 Years Old; Celebrates By Big Expansion Program; Double Size Hereafter, 10,000 New Subscribers Sought; 1,000 Partners Needed.

Next week's issue of the *Sword Of The Lord* will have eight pages, just twice its size heretofore. The occasion is the tenth anniversary of its founding. The first issue was dated September 28, 1934. To celebrate, the paper will now be regularly the enlarged size, eight pages.

Many new features will be added. A series of articles will be begun on The Federal Council Of Churches, carefully, moderately written, by a Christian for Christians. Dr. J. Elwin Wright, secretary of the National Association of evangelicals is the author. The first of two articles on the problem of birth control from the

Christian, moral and patriotic viewpoint by Rev. B. H. Sadduck, Ph.D., a great Methodist preacher, will be published soon. Dr. Robert J. Wells, evangelist, new associate editor of the *Sword*, will have a column on REVIVAL INCIDENTS, OUTLINES AND ILLUSTRATIONS, which you will greatly enjoy, and which will be of great help to teachers and preachers. Another column WITH THE EVANGELISTS, will bring news of revival and evangelistic campaigns by America's leading soul winners. Soon the editor, Evangelist John R. Rice, will begin a series of articles on SOUL WINNING AND HOW TO DO IT. Great things are ahead. Of course we will continue to publish full length sermons by A-

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Walking On Water

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will do it, thank Him for it. Thank Him. Don't doubt Him. Why would you? Don't hesitate to jump over the side of the boat. He has called. God's call is your equipment. Quietly and confidently thank Him for the answer. And even if there are others around you when you pray, don't hesitate. Step right over the side of the boat as Peter did, right before the others. Venture everything on God's faithfulness. Commit yourself to the waves."

And they have done it: they have obeyed the whispered command to believe. They have jumped over the side of the boat. They have audibly thanked God before others that God would answer their prayer. With a Spirit-imparted faith they have presented their supplication with thanks-giving—they have thanked Him publicly for the answer before it came.

And it has worked. Their faith was honored, vindicated, rewarded. The answer came. It was put right into their hands. The very people who heard them thank God for the answer, were there when the miracle happened. They were there when the answer came. And God was glorified, Christ's name was exalted, the saints were refreshed and thrilled by the spectacle of someone walking on water.

It will help you in walking the waves, and especially in getting over the side of the boat in that first momentous step, to bear in mind that the word faith is essentially linked to our Lord Jesus Christ. He is not only the object of faith, He is the author and finisher of it. He is the dynamic of it. He is the inspirer of it. It is Jesus Christ who gives faith its merit.

That is why there is no room for human boasting in the prayer of faith. The merit lies, not in the subject, but in the object of faith. I may believe a check is good for one thousand dollars, but unless the name on that check is good at the bank for one thousand dollars, all my faith won't bring that money over the counter. The whole virtue of faith lies in the object.

So the promises of God are linked to the name of Jesus Christ. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." "Repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." "Whosoever believeth in Him." "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name." You see it is all Christ. It is all through Him, and in Him, and by Him, and for Him, that God answers prayer.

Don't therefore look at self and your demerits, but at Christ and His merit when you contemplate walking on water. If you look at self you will never get over the side of the boat. Do not depend on your need to move God to uphold you. Use the name that God the father delights to honor. Don't depend on your striving, and agonizing, and earnestness in prayer to bring the answer. All these are good, they are necessary. But

THE SWORD OF THE LORD

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EDITOR AND PUBLISHER**

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God does not answer prayer for these reasons. He answers prayer for Jesus sake. Do not depend even on your Spirit-given faith to bring the answer. There is absolutely no merit in our faith itself to move God to answer our prayer. What God does he does because of the merit, and to honor the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Take comfort therefore with me in this, O ye of little faith. God looks not at our infinitesimal faith but at his infinitely-dear Son. And if our feeble faith be in that mighty name, it becomes an all-conquering faith, that will make of a lake a pavement, and enable us to walk on the water.

Once you are over the side of the boat and the miracle has begun, remember that your faith will be tested. The waves will rise about you. The Prince of the power of the air will see that the winds will howl in your ears. Don't listen to that howling, but only to His word "Come." Don't look at the waves, but keep looking unto Jesus. Walk on the water: don't look at it. You will keep it under your feet if your mind is filled with Christ's command to come.

So don't look down at the waves—the difficulties. Don't look around at the wind—the circumstances. Don't look at yourself treading the waves, for pride goeth before a fall. And don't turn around to observe those who are watching you walk the water. When you are looking at men you are not looking at Jesus. The secret of successful walking on water is to keep your eyes on the sole object of faith, the glorious Lord Jesus Christ. "Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith."

"But that is just it, Preacher," someone says, "It is not as easy as you say. I might get over the side of the boat, but that's where test begins. Why even Peter sank."

Yes Peter sank. I have always been sorry for that part of the story. I was hoping you would not mention that for it spoils all the rest. Poor Peter. It was too bad he had to sink. It was too bad he had to die so young. For Peter you remember was only a young man when he drowned. And the disciples felt so badly when they lifted the body back into the boat. And John chided himself for ever letting impulsive Peter go, simply because Jesus had said "Come." And the funeral service of Simon Peter is one of the saddest stories in the Bible.

For sitting on the mourners' seat at the funeral of the drowned apostle was Peter's weeping wife and his broken-hearted wife's mother. And when the Lord Jesus Christ who created the sea and the dry land, rose up to try to explain to these two weeping women, how he was sorry he could not reach Peter in time to save him from drowning, and how he regretted that he had ever said "Come;"—that, my friends, was a melancholy anticlimax to this walking on the water, and is one of the saddest stories in the book of God.

But that was as far as I got while preaching this sermon one night when a young lady rose in my audience and visibly agitated cried out—"But Peter did not drown."

And I answered, "Thank you my sister. Thank you. And I give you my permission to follow me through all the churches where I will preach on Simon Peter walking the waves, and to rise up and tell the doubting, fearful, hesitating children of God, that Peter did not drown!"

I wish to record some personal incidents in the realm of faith to the glory of God and for the help of God's people. You will bear in mind that human boasting is excluded when we speak of the prayer of faith. If I told you of Moody's or Muller's or Torrey's answers to prayer, you would say, "These are mighty men of God, and they had an exceptional faith." But if I tell you of what God did for an ordinary preacher like John Linton, and for ordinary people like John Linton's church members and friends, then I think you will be more likely to accept the challenge that comes to you in this message to know the thrill and the adventure of walking on water.

A YOUNG CHRISTIAN JUMPS OVERBOARD

During my first pastorate in Montreal we were holding a week of prayer in the Fall to prepare for the coming season of soul-winning. We began on a Monday night. About sixty were present. I gave a short talk an being definite and believing when we pray. I urged the people not to ask God to do this and that unless they were ready to believe he would do it.

As I sat down a young man rose up to pray. He had been converted only one year before. He prayed thus, "Heavenly Father, I ask thee to save my mother, and my sister, and her husband. Thou has said in the Bible that it is Thy will to save souls. And, Heavenly Father, I believe Thou wilt save them, and I thank Thee that Thou wilt save them this week."

I thought to myself—That is the trouble with impulsive people, they are apt to be extreme. I could understand how he would have faith to claim their salvation, but to believe they would be saved that week, and to say so in a public meeting, well, I felt myself wishing that he had learned to creep before he walked. To claim their salvation was one thing, to claim the time for their salvation was another thing. That was faith, if faith it was, with a vengeance.

I knew this young man's sister. She was a backslidden church member but did not attend church. She was living away from God. Her husband was a returned soldier and hostile to the church. I had called at their home but they were utterly unresponsive. I did not know the mother for she lived one hundred and eighty-five miles from Montreal. Yet here he was in our hearing thanking God that God would save them that week.

Was it the voice of Christ that had bidden this young man to step out in faith? Let the sequel answer. On the Thursday night of that week, this young man's sister and her husband were sitting in that same room, a converted couple rejoicing in Christ, and on Friday night after the meeting he showed me a letter just received that day from his mother in Quebec City, saying that God had been dealing with her all week about her salvation, and she was writing to tell him she had given her heart to God.

FAITH FOR THIRTY SOULS

In the same church was a young woman named Annie S.—. I was going to Sherbrooke Baptist Church for eight days of special meetings, and at our Saturday night prayer meeting preceding my visit this young woman asked God in my presence that he would give me thirty converts in the Sherbrooke campaign. She prayed the prayer of faith and quietly and confidently thanked God before others that He would do so.

I did not tell Rev. David Terry, the pastor of the Sherbrooke church, about this prayer. No one in Sherbrooke knew anything a-

"If We Neglect"

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But confused from sleep you make a mistake and swallow a deadly poison. A friendly hand swiftly puts to your lip a sure antidote. It is your only hope. It must be taken quickly, for every second means life or death. How will you escape—if you neglect?

So is it with the salvation of your immortal soul. It is in instant and unceasing jeopardy of eternal death. God offers His Son Jesus Christ as your escape. It is a great salvation wrought out from the great heart of God Himself with tears, love, and agony unspeakable. It is your ladder in the burning building; it is the rope in an awful storm; it is the antidote to the deadly poison of sin. How will you escape—if you neglect?

Let us note some of the perils of this neglect, First—

You are trampling upon GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES

A Scotch botanist sallied forth to the hills one bright day to study his favorite flowers. Presently he plucked a heather bell and put it upon the glass of his microscope. He stretched himself at length upon the ground and began to scrutinize it through the microscope. Moment after moment passed and still he lay there gazing, entranced by the beauty of the little flower. Suddenly a shadow fell upon the ground where he lay. Looking up he saw a tall, weather-beaten shepherd gazing down with a smile of half-concealed amusement at a man spending his time looking through a glass at so common a thing as a heather bell.

Without a word the botanist reached up and handed the shepherd the microscope. He placed it to his eye and began to gaze. For him too moment after moment sped by while he gazed in enraptured silence. When he handed back the glass the botanist noticed that the tears were streaming down his bronzed cheeks and falling on the ground at his feet. "What's the matter," said the botanist. "Isn't it beautiful?" "Beautiful?" said the shepherd. "It is beautiful beyond all words. But I am thinking of how many thousands of them I have trodden under foot!"

Have you ever thought how many opportunities to accept Christ you have trodden under foot in your lifetime? God's opportunity is now. "Now is the accepted time." He has no other. It only takes one short minute of time to make one of God's "nows" of opportunity. So you have sixty nows every hour of your life. That means a thousand for the waking hours of each day. That means hundreds of thousands for every year of your life, and many millions ere your span of earthly existence is ended. Opportunity, with her millions of nows, will be against you in that last great assize! I fancy I hear her voice

bout it. But I did count those who were definitely dealt with and converted. When we came to the last service twenty-two had been saved.

This last service we had decided to hold in the public auditorium in the center of Sherbrooke. We expected a large crowd. That night it poured rain. It came down in buckets right at the time of service. We walked, or waded, through the downpour into the hall expecting a handful to be present. One hundred people had gathered. When I gave the invitation at the end for those who wished to be saved to stand up in their seats, one after another rose until eight were standing. I continued pleading

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on the witness stand. "A thousand times a day I came to him. I was with him in the tender hours and influences of youth. I came to him in the pleadings of his sainted mother. I drew near him in the hours of bereavement and sorrow. I spoke to him in the tender solicitations of devoted friends. I touched him in the prayers and pleadings of his dearest ones. I sounded the warning hundreds of times from the pulpit. I whispered to him in the night-watches as he lay in the silence of his own thoughts and the convictions of his own accusing conscience. Yet for all these years has he unceasingly trodden me under foot."

Unsaved friend, there are souls in the awful place of the lost who would give a million worlds for just one more of the precious nows you are treading under foot. And when you see these trampled nows in the light of eternity you too will weep with unspeakable agony in the realization that not one of them will ever return.

* * *

You are HARDENING YOUR HEART

I remember a man in my childhood who was the object of our boyish hero-worship. He was the finest shot in the community. A splendid specimen of physical manhood he towered head and shoulders above his fellows, and was known and admired in the entire neighborhood. But he was not a Christian. One night he sat in a meeting where the power of the Spirit of God was consciously and graciously present. He was approached by loving friends and importuned to make his decision for Christ. There was every evidence that he was deeply moved and convicted by the message and the atmosphere of the hour. But he steadfastly refused to make any decision and at last arose and left the meeting. Years afterward while walking the street he was stricken with dread apoplexy, staggered, fell to his knees and thence prone to the pavement in the agonies of sudden death, still an unsaved man. Back of the tragedy of it all was this sobering fact. Before his death he had told some one that never since the memorable night in the meeting when he had decided against Christ had he ever had the slightest inclination or conviction toward accepting Him as the Saviour of his soul. He had neglected too long, and he bore to the hour of his death a heart which had grown utterly hardened to all the appeal of the Spirit of God.

Continuous resistance to the gospel of Christ steadily hardens the heart against it. Whether the appeal is to the conscience, the emotions, or the judgment the result is the same. The voice of appeal becomes like the voice of one that mocks. The heart-strings once responsive to every tender touch are now like loosened bowstrings. The soul once soft and plastic as wax is now like cased-hardened steel. The will, which moves promptly and decisively in the trivial affairs of life, is bound with fetters of iron to the rock of procrastination in this eternal matter. Delay becomes a disease. Once it was only functional; now it is organic and malignant. There is only one remedy. It is to break the hardened heart-crust by a definite acceptance of Jesus Christ, whose blood alone can make atonement for the soul and bring peace to the heart, and whose resurrection life alone can fill your life with the precious fruitage of the Spirit, and with

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Our Lovely Gift To You

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in this new book, THE RUIN OF A CHRISTIAN.

1. *The Ruin Of A Christian.* The sermon from which the book is named. Shows the worldliness of Lot, the saved man who made money his God, who called the wicked his brethren, who let the wicked world get his children, and took up the habits of Sodom. Then it shows the powerlessness of Lot who could not win a single soul, who let his town go to Hell, made his religion a joke to his sons-in-law, whose wife was not sold on his religion and whose daughters got him drunk and committed the most shameful sin with him. This probes hearts, does a real work in the lives of Christians. Scriptural, tender, yet startlingly plain!

2. *Lukewarmness — The Sin That Makes God Vomit.* Shows how God is displeased with all the half hearted service, all the indifferent praying, all the lukewarm Bible reading, all the forms of Christianity without heart fervor and holy passion. Especially discusses lukewarm attitudes toward a holy life, toward the Bible and toward soul winning. Thousands have taken the hand of the author after he preached this sermon, coming to confess how it revealed their shameful sin of indifference, which God so hates.

3. *God's Slaughter Crew.* A burning message on a strange scripture. Shows how God loves those who sigh and cry over the abominations in the land. Six angels, in this scripture, are God's slaughter crew. Oh! make sure that "the man clothed in linen with the writer's inkhorn by his side" could put the saving mark on you!

4. *The Curse Of Hidden Sin.* Here is the story of Achan, the man who hid his stolen treasures in his tent and thought he could get by. Here is revival preaching showing what sin will do for a Christian, that confession and restitution come before prayer, that you should find out your own sins, not waiting for God to punish or convict you, if you want mercy. Here too is shown how terrible is God's wrath on sin and how to get mercy. When this was first printed many letters came about it and it led several to trust Christ for salvation, according to reports. Read it!

5. *The Sin Of Lying.* How Christians, even some preachers lie, what God thinks about it, how to conquer this sin which so many commit. Polite lies, white lies, Santa Claus lies, Easter lies, social lies, business lies; God hates them all, Satan is father of them all, and liars have their part in the lake of fire!

6. *Break Up Your Fall Ground.* Here is tender Bible teaching to bring revival, to prepare you for soul winning and prayer, to help you be fit for God to use.

7. *The Seven-Fold Sin Of Those Who Do Not Win Souls.* One of the most useful Bible messages ever printed in the *Sword Of The Lord*, we believe. Many calls came for extra copies. The sins are disobedience, lack of love, not following Jesus, not abiding in Christ, dishonesty in a sacred trust, short-sighted folly of unbelief, and soul manslaughter. Get people to read this and get a conviction about soul winning as the duty of every Christian.

8. *"Speak Not Evil One Of Another, Brethren."* This was so popular that we published it twice in the *Sword Of The Lord*. Letters brought many confessions, told of repentance and restitution caused by this tender, yet sternly scriptural message. Christians need this.

9. *Judge Not.* The sin of judging others, though clearly forbidden, is nearly universal. People even say they have a right to judge whether others are saved, by their fruit. Nothing like that is taught in the Bible. This will get under the skin, should do much to get people right so they can have their prayers answered.

10. *"Be Ye Not Unequally Dressed Together With Unbelievers."* This long chapter was printed separately as a pamphlet of about 34 pages, tens of thousands of copies were bought all over America. Now it is revised and improved, and shows what the Bible teaches about a Christian yoking up with the unconverted in marriage, in lodges, and with modernism in church and denominational affairs. It is moderate, kindly, true to the Bible and gives counsel from God on these important matters. There are many, many scriptures, and such teaching as you possibly did not know was in the Word of God. It helped many before, will help many again. Specially do young Christians need this, but so do preachers and mature Christians.

11. *Washing Dirty Feet.* Shows what Jesus really meant by washing the disciples' feet, with rich spiritual meaning that you will see and rejoice over. All Christians have dirty feet! Christ is always ready to wash them, and so should we be ready to wash one another's spiritual feet! Read this and see how and why.

12. *A New Start.* This closing chapter shows the way out of defeat, the way back to forgiveness, to happiness, to usefulness! It is the proper close to a book that sets out to "reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all longsuffering and doctrine," as preachers are commanded to do in I Timothy 4:2.

With earnest prayer we send out this book believing it will bring about a great revival in the hearts and lives of many Christians.

You Need Several Copies At Once For Friends

You can think at once of a number of people beside yourself who need this book. Now you can give it to them. For each two subscriptions you send in at \$1.00 each, we will send you free a copy of this lovely book, 178 rich pages, twelve strong chapters.

I am asking that at least one thousand people be my partners by sending at least ten subscriptions, and getting out at least five of the free books. Send two subscriptions each week for five weeks, or send all ten at once, but do it now! Send ten names and addresses with \$10.00 and get five books free. One subscription may be your own renewal if you like, but be sure to mark it renewal. Also be sure to say where to send the books.

Some will want to send subscriptions to a large number. The books will make lovely gifts, as many as you can get. But to those who send 20 or more subscriptions at \$1.00 a year we offer our library plan, and you may have one dollar's worth of any good books we have for each two dollars' worth of subscriptions. If you send 20 subscriptions you may have \$10.00 worth of the finest Christian books. Write for our recommended list. The library may be for yourself or your church or Sunday School. In today's mail a layman subscribed for 100 preachers for six months each. What can you do?

But all can send two subscriptions and get THE RUIN OF A CHRISTIAN by Evangelist John R. Rice for yourself and your home. At least one thousand people, surely, can send ten subscrip-

"If We Neglect"

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power to love, to suffer, and to serve.

* * * *

You are DRIFTING AWAY FROM CHRIST

I sat one day by the faraway shores of the Great Lakes listening to a tragic story from the lips of a white-haired fisherman. Years before, he said, when the village was but a hamlet the mail was carried from the distant shore of the bay to the fishing village by an Indian and his son-in-law. One bitter day in mid-winter they set out from the south shore for the long trip across the great lake. All day they travelled on the ice, skirting the frozen shore of the bay. As night came on they pitched their tent and went ashore for fire-wood. Gathering what they needed they started back from the mainland toward camp. Just as they stepped upon the ice it broke loose from its moorings and began to drift out from the shore. The boy, quick-witted and alert, immediately dropped his bundle of wood and leaped ashore across the crevice in the ice. The father-in-law hesitated for a moment and in that moment the gap widened too much to overleap. He paused in hesitation and uncertainty, for the waters were black and forbidding in their deadly chill. The boy shouted to the older man to leap in and swim to shore, as that was his only chance for life. But the man still delayed. Then the lad began to cry out in earnest entreaty for the father-in-law to leap, as it was his only chance to be saved from a dreadful death. But the older man seemed paralyzed with fear and indecision. He began to call out farewell messages for his wife and children across the watery waste now rapidly widening as the wind kept drifting the great ice-floe out into the darkness. The last the boy saw of him he was standing with outstretched hands drifting to death in the bitter cold and darkness of the night. He was never heard from again. He perished a Victim of deadly indecision.

"Heaven lies above us in our infancy," says the poet. And it surely does. It seems as though we could pluck down its nearby stars with our childish hands; toy with its silvery moon; play hide-and-seek in its fleecy clouds. But that is not true today for you who have neglected. Now it has receded like a faraway land till you no longer hear its music, dream its dreams, or see its angel faces in your childish visions. In those sweet days of childhood Christ seemed as close to you as the other side of the tiny pond in which you gathered the white and yellow lilies. Now He seems as distant as the unseen shore of a vast ocean so far and so steadily have you drifted from Him with the swift flight of passing years. Is your heart conscious of this awful sense of aloofness from Christ? Do you seem to yourself to have drifted out into a weary waste of distance, darkness, and death? Then remember the lonely figure drifting to his fate on

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the great ice-floe. Remember too that the one thing which would have saved him will save you. That one thing is decision to no longer neglect this so great salvation.

There will come a time when it will be TOO LATE

A lady who was one of the survivors of the Titanic disaster drew a graphic picture of the end of that awful tragedy. As the great ship reared herself in the air, about to take her last plunge into the deep, scores of dark figures could be seen falling from her decks into the icy waters. For a few terrible moments after she had taken her plunge a wail of despair rose from the lips of these drowning men and women. One by one the cries ceased until at last there was but one voice heard calling in the night over the watery waste. It was the voice of a man. In unspeakable agony of soul he was crying out "My God; my God!" Fainter and fainter grew this last wailing cry of a departing soul, and then too that ceased, and all was still as death. Often have I tried to picture what must have gone through the mind of that last man struggling in the darkness against a certain doom. Perhaps the sweet sound of the village church bell floated to him in the darkness, and he realized the many moments he had let the gospel call pass by unheeded. Perhaps the tremulous voice of a mother's prayer, as he bowed a thoughtless boy at her knees, now rose up from the depths of memory and he saw what God had meant him to be in all his wasted life. Perhaps in the blackness of that awful night he felt again the loving touch of his boyhood's dearest friend upon his shoulder, as a voice said "My boy why don't you decide for Christ?"

Perhaps some old scripture text he had scoffed at and spurned seemed blazoned across the starlit sky above him—"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation." But now it was too late. The icy waters were claiming their awful toll. In a moment the end had come.

Every man is drifting swiftly toward that inevitable moment when the curtain of life drops, when the drama ends; when the scene shifts from the follies of time to the tremendous realities of eternity. When that last crisis-moment comes it may be too late to get right with the God with whom you have trifled all these passing years. When the wild crash comes in the railroad collision, and you are pinned fast under the grinding, crushing wreckage—it is too late. When the great ship is staggering and reeling from the deadly wound in her side, and is settling down in the sea for her last awful plunge into the abyss of an ocean grave—it is too late. When the last agonizing pang is shooting like a knife through your heart, and you catch your breath, throw up your hands, gasp, and fall—it is too late. When the steel fetters of paralysis bind you hand and foot, and all your dazed, beclouded brain can grasp is the low sobs of loved ones who gather about your bed in the agony of parting—it is too late.

Then some white-faced mother will bow in the silent chamber of death over your motionless form and moan "O God, is my boy safe?" Or a brokenhearted wife will steal in, and stand alone by your side, and looking down into your face will cry out in agony, "O God, is it well with my husband?" Or a silver-haired father will sob out his agony of doubt as he cries aloud like one of old. "My son, my son;

would God I had died for thee, O my son!" And your dearest friends who would give their right hand if you had only decided, will walk by your bier with bowed head, and go forth to whisper to themselves in bitter suffering "There is no repentance beyond the grave." The golden bowl is broken; the silver thread is loosened; the mourners go about the streets; and once more has been enacted the solemn tragedy of a human soul lost through all eternity because it would not break the fatal spell of indecision.

"How shall we escape IF WE NEGLECT!"

(With grateful acknowledgement to Silver Publishing Co.)

Tenth Anniversary Next Week

(Continued From Page One) America's leading soul winners, and will teach and preach the Word of God with soul winning emphasis.

We are to begin our eleventh year in the midst of a great enlargement campaign, trying to secure 10,000 new subscriptions, to add to the approximately 30,000 subscribers we now have. We are offering free the editor's new book, THE RUIN OF A CHRISTIAN, 178 pages, twelve long messages to Christians on rebuke for sin, exhortation to clean and holy living and to wholehearted love and service to Christ, one copy for each two yearly subscriptions at \$1.00 each. The book is large size, richly bound in orange cloth with colorful pictured packet, and makes a beautiful gift. We hope every subscriber who has been blessed by the messages in *The Sword Of The Lord* will subscribe for others or at least send one new subscription with his own renewal.

But we feel that ten years of hard work and heavy expense, all for love of Christ and the souls of men, with never a cent of pay for time or trouble, with about \$15,000 contributed by the editor, and God's manifest blessing on the paper, all justify us in asking for at least 1,000 people who will do much more than send in two subscriptions, and get one book for themselves. We want partners who will send in ten or more subscriptions each, at least two a week for five weeks, or ten at once. For ten subscriptions we will give five of the lovely cloth bound books, or one for each two subscriptions.

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Walking On Water

(Continued From Page Two)

but no more responded. When we led the eight people to Christ, I asked Mr. Terry to tell me how many had been saved, and he showed me he had a record of thirty. I then told him for the first time that exactly this number had been claimed by Miss S— before the campaign began.

A DEACON'S VENTURE OF FAITH

In this same church also we had a deacon, a Mr. M—. He had been saved only two years. Although a babe in Christ, this man could pray. He would storm the gates of Heaven with his fervent petitions on a Saturday night. God answered prayer after prayer for this man.

On the Saturday night before I began eight days of meetings in Dunnville Baptist Church, Ontario, Deacon M— prayed that God would give me forty souls in that meeting. He knew that God had given Miss S— thirty at Sherbrooke, so he felt to ask and believe that God would give me forty conversions in the eight days at Dunnville. He thanked God for the forty that would be saved. I was there and heard him. I was there when he stepped over the side of the boat.

I did not tell the pastor, Rev. Sidney Hillyer, about this prayer, nor any living soul in Dunnville. I did ask the pastor to keep a record of those who were definitely interviewed and saved.

We had a slow beginning, and from Monday through Friday, only six professed conversion. On Sunday over twenty came to Christ. Several more came on Monday, and six on the closing Tuesday night. In the pastor's home after the meeting I asked him to count the converts. He pulled out his notebook and began, "Six last week, twenty-three on Sunday, that's twenty-nine. Five Monday—that's thirty-four, and six tonight—that's exactly forty." I then for the first time told him of Deacon M—'s prayer, and pastor Hillyer and myself rejoiced together in the faithfulness of God.

A PASTOR STEPS OUT

The Pointe Saint Charles Baptist Church in Montreal enjoyed almost a perennial revival during our four years of ministry there. I remember the number of professed conversions in that church and in other churches where I held meetings, backed by the prayers of a little band of believing people, totalled in one year about five hundred.

During that year I was invited to Calvary Baptist Church, Ottawa, Ontario, for two evening meetings. Rev. James Hall, the pastor, asked me to tell on Monday night the story of the revival in Montreal. On the Tuesday night I was to address a large interdenominational Bible class in the same church, led by a layman, a Mr. F. C. Blair.

God blessed the revival message on Monday night and several were saved. On Tuesday afternoon I was praying with Rev. James Hall in his home for the Tuesday evening meeting. I had been telling Mr. Hall about the prayer of faith, and as I knelt before God I silently asked Him to give me faith to believe for one soul that night. I wanted Mr. Hall to see the prayer of faith in operation for God's glory and his own encouragement.

After a while I began to pray audibly and said something like this: "Heavenly Father, I thank Thee that thou are going to save at least one soul in the church tonight . . ." Before I could go any further, Mr. Hall, kneeling at my side, said, "And I thank

thee Lord that that one will be Matthew B—."

Of course I nearly fell over with astonishment. I was supposed to be the man of faith prodding up a backward brother. And here he was leaping over my shoulders in his eagerness to walk on the water.

When we were finished praying I asked him about Matthew B—, and learned that he was

a young man in the church for whom much prayer had been offered. Mr. Hall said "God gave me the faith right there to believe Matthew would be saved tonight."

That night before the service I was praying with the Pastor in the basement of the church. The Lord seemed to be asking me to preach from the text "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." I did not feel that was the right message for a Bible Class. They would expect a teaching message. I asked the Lord to settle my mind. I did not know for sure whether the subject "Almost Persuaded" was from the Lord, or merely from my own desire. While I was praying for guidance, a loud voice from the song leader upstairs announced—"We will commence our service with hymn 452, Almost Persuaded."

I thanked God for such unusual guidance on His part. Imagine anyone opening a song-service with such a hymn. Yet it was God-directed song-leading, as the results proved.

At the end of the sermon the appeal was made and twenty-one responded for salvation, coming forward to be dealt with. Matthew B— was not one of the twenty-two. And Matthew B— was not in the church!

After the twenty-two had gone and only several people were left in the church, the door opened and in walked Matthew B—. As soon as Mr. Blair saw him he said, "Matthew, I want to have a talk with you. Let us go downstairs." They disappeared below, while we prayed in the church above. When they returned upstairs, one did not have to ask Matthew B— what had happened. The light of salvation shone on his face. He confessed he had been convicted all that evening at the night school which he attended, and was hoping the church would not be closed before he got there. God thus honored his Pastor's faith. It was clearly the voice of the Lord that had called to Pastor Hall that afternoon "Come." "And when James Hall was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water."

ANOTHER DEACON WALKS THE WAVES

After four years of happy ministry in Montreal I accepted a call to High Park Baptist Church, Toronto. We there established a Saturday night prayer-meeting, and in the next nine years that followed, I cannot count the number of times when the prayer of faith was prayed—and of course answered.

It was a long time before anyone would venture over the side of the boat. They would pray for souls on the morrow, they would ask God to save at least one. But they would not let themselves go. They would not thank Him that He would do so. There they would stand, looking first at the Lord saying "Come," then at the water in between. Sometimes they would actually lower themselves over the side and put one foot on the waves. But they always held on to the side of the boat with one hand! They would not let themselves go.

Then one Saturday night one of my deacons for the first time went over. It was a lovely sight. And there was no hesitation when he went. And no excitement or panic either. Just quietly decided one night while we prayed that he would step over, and over he went. This is what godly Deacon Cresswell said: "Lord, Thou hast put it into my heart to believe that tomorrow Thou art going to save at least one soul through the word preached in this church. I thank Thee that thou wilt do this for Jesus' sake."

On the Sunday night the Deacon asked me if anyone had been saved during the day, and I had to say that as far as I knew there was none. He said, "God will save somebody today."

At the mid-week prayer meeting that followed I had momentarily forgotten the Deacon's prayer. But he was the first one to pray that night. He said, "Heavenly Father, thou didst give me faith on Saturday night to believe for a soul on Sunday. The Pastor does not know of anyone being saved. But Lord I believe nevertheless that someone was saved, and I just want to thank thee for it in this big meeting, as I thanked thee Saturday in the little meeting."

Let me pause to say that it was quite natural for the Deacon to thank God before the larger crowd for the soul that was saved. If he really knew that God had saved someone it would have been unnatural not to have told it. You may say, "Suppose nobody had been saved?" But the Deacon supposed no such thing. What sense is there in asking God to do something and then going around supposing the opposite? The Deacon knew by faith that a soul was saved. Good news is hard to keep—so he told it in his prayer. And Jesus Christ has said, "Whosoever shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass, he shall have whatsoever he saith."

The next Sunday morning as I walked up the front steps of the church a young School-teacher named Roy B— whom I had baptized some months before was waiting for me. He said, "Pastor, I had good news to tell you all last week. Indeed I had the telephone in my hand several times to call you but thought it was too sacred to tell over the phone. My aged father was with me in church last Sunday night. He came seventy miles, supposedly to spend the week-end with us, but actually, as he later confessed, in order to be saved. When you asked for hands to be raised, he said he wanted to raise his, but had not the courage to do so. And what I wanted to tell you all last week was that last Sunday night in my home after the service and just before the clock struck twelve, my father knelt in our home and gave himself to God."

Now note the time element here. Roy B— knew nothing whatever about the Deacon's prayer either on Saturday or Wednesday. Yet he volunteered the information that his father was saved before the clock struck twelve. Why? Because God had given Deacon Cresswell the assurance that a soul would be saved on Sunday, and this was God's answer to that believing prayer.

In the years that followed, this godly Deacon ventured often upon the water. And how he enjoyed it. I have seen him walking on the waves with spiritual joy bubbling up in his heart as he realized the wonder and the supernaturalness of the prayer of faith. He would thank God in our presence that God had assured him that the answer was on the way. He would say almost

with holy merriment in his voice—"Lord it seems wonderful to us that we know you are going to do this and that tomorrow. Nobody can take this assurance from us for you put it into our heart to believe. We thank you Lord that it will come to pass and we rejoice that your Son will be honored by the answer." And on he would go, joyfully walking the waves and reverently praising God because he knew of the truth that Christ had said "Come," and that meant he could walk on the water.

A MAN TALKED WITH GOD

There was one incident during the years at High Park that constituted the most definite answer to prayer about which I have personally known. Three different requests were made one Saturday night in connection with the salvation of a certain man, and the answer to that threefold prayer came in such a way, as to prove that men can actually talk with God and be heard and answered by him.

In one of the families in that church there was a young married man named Walter P— who was godless and unbelieving. He would not allow any of his family to speak to him about Christ. He had never been in the church in the three years of my ministry, and I understand he had never attended during the six years' ministry of my predecessor, Dr. Albert Huges. Yet his mother and brothers and sister with whom he lived were earnest Christians who prayed continually for his salvation.

One week-end just as I was leaving Toronto to preach in Chicago a telephone message told me that this man's only child, a sweet little girl of three, had suddenly died. I was advertised to preach in the Moody Church and felt I should go, so I arranged with a fellow-Pastor to take the funeral. On my return Walter P— was at church Sunday night and I could see that God was dealing with him.

At the following Wednesday night prayer-meeting I told the people God wanted us to pray believing for this man's salvation. I urged the church to use her great privilege of prayer and to pray this man into the family of God. I asked them to pray that he would be saved next Sunday.

Several prayed earnestly that God would do so. I then felt led to say that since the church had asked God to save this man on Sunday we ought to look for the answer. I requested that on the next Wednesday night at our public meeting for prayer someone would rise and ask the Pastor what God had done on the previous Sunday regarding the earnest prayer of his people for the salvation of Walter P—.

Some may think we are not warranted in being so definite in our expectation, but I am persuaded that indefiniteness in prayer is born of disbelief. God wants us to know definitely what we ask for, and having asked it, to look for that very thing. He has shown again and again that he is pleased when we are definite in prayer.

Following that Wednesday night there came the small Saturday night prayer-meeting. Because of the public prayer offered on Wednesday, and the decision to ask publicly about the answer, one man in that Saturday-night meeting felt that the honor of God was at stake. He asked silently that God would enable him to pray the prayer of faith for the salvation of Walter P— on the morrow. He received that assurance. He then prayed audibly with a threefold request. He asked God to save this man on Sunday and thanked God that he would do so. He also asked God to make this man an earnest,

Spirit-filled Christian, and thanked God that he would do this also. He asked God further to begin working on this man's heart right that very night and thanked God that he would also answer that request. I heard this man offer that threefold request. I heard him confidently thank God before a dozen people that each request would be answered.

On the Sunday night when I gave the invitation eleven people responded. The first was Walter P—. The second was his young wife. When I asked him in the enquiry room to give his heart to Christ he replied that he already had done so. He said he had gone to bed Saturday night but could not sleep because of conviction. In the middle of the night he awoke his wife, told her he was going to kneel at his bedside and give his heart to God, and asked her if she would do the same with him. They were both saved then and there, around two o'clock Sunday morning.

That meant that two out of three petitions had been answered. It had been further claimed that he would become a Spirit-filled Christian. God gave the answer to this in a dramatic way on the next Wednesday night. This was the meeting where someone was to rise and ask the Pastor what God had done in answer to the prayers of the church for Walter P—. I was looking forward with interest and joy to that meeting. I did not know which member would ask the question. No one got the chance. Walter P—, who knew nothing of the prayers offered for him, was present at the meeting, and as soon as I opened the meeting for testimony he was on his feet, telling out of an earnest heart, of God's goodness in saving him. He did not know the language of Christians, so he gave his testimony in the language of the world and it was one of the most heart-moving and thrilling testimonies I ever heard. Every person who heard it glorified God for it was clearly evident that this man was soundly saved and on fire for God. In the years that followed Walter P— became a soul-winning Christian, giving his testimony with power, and proving the faithfulness of our wonderful God who answered this threefold prayer.

I trust that the recital of these facts in this very personal way will be used of God to stir every reader to believing prayer. Unbelieving prayer brings no joy to our Heavenly Father's heart, nor any glory to the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. The people whose names are mentioned in this message are all humble ordinary people. Do not let Satan tell you that you must be a giant of faith before God will answer your prayers. Do not let him tell you that almost sinless perfection is necessary. Remember it was Peter who walked on the water. Not saintly John who leaned on Jesus bosom, but Peter—a man much like ourselves. Peter himself said in Acts 3:12 that it is not our power or holiness that makes miracles possible but the omnipotent name of Jesus Christ and a simple God-given faith in that name.

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